

VOL. XV.-No. 366.

MARCH 12, 1884.

Price, 10 Cents



PUBLISHED BY  
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**L**ent is the recess of the year. It is safe—though perhaps cruel—to say that modern society would never assent to a forty days' interruption of its pleasures on merely religious grounds. But modern society burns the candle at both ends, and somewhere in the course of the year the time comes when the light must be extinguished for a little while if it is to flicker at the end of the twelvemonth. The scanty material must be economized; the feeble light must be dimmed, that it may be re-lit to gleam through the whole of the summer and the half of another winter. Religion very opportunely steps in and offers a valid excuse for a brief surcease of gaiety, of party-giving and of giving of parties. Religion taking the place of recreation! Is it not beautiful? We can loaf for our bodies' sake, and at the same time give our souls a boost toward salvation.

But religion is powerless where politics are concerned—or *is* concerned, as some of the purists say. When Lent comes in a campaign year, religion is made to feel this. The world of society may rest and recuperate in sack-cloth and ashes; but the world of politics goes on with its strivings and its schemings. Presidents are making while prayers are saying. Every man is pushing his own little boom, or, if he be too small to have a boom of his own, he is helping to push some other man's boom—but always for his own ends, for his own profit, his own glory. Of course, we know, this is going on all the time; but the selfishness and the meanness of it are somehow accentuated in this time associated with a beautiful legend of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation. The politician is pulling his wires at the season when Christ fasted and prayed. There is something odd about the contrast, isn't there?

Come with us, O Friend! to the feast. There you will be enabled to tickle your palate with all the delicacies of the season. See what a bounteous repast is spread before you. Sugar

from the golden canes of Cuba, turned out ready for consumption. Sugar, did we say? Well, not exactly. It looks like sugar, but it bears only a partial relationship to the genuine article. If you examine it carefully, you will arrive at the conclusion that that sugar has started the summer season prematurely, and has collaborated with what is left of the beach at Coney Island. The sugar is full of sand, and the grocer who sold it to the consumer has long ere this discovered that sand is ever so much cheaper than sugar.

But sand and sugar are not as wholesome as sugar by itself; at least many people have a strong prejudice against the combination—when they find it out. Now, let's take a glance at the butter. How attractive is its appearance! It is the best creamery, is it not? No, beautiful Heloise, it is not the best creamery. The grocer of whom you bought it may have assured you that it is; but that grocer is not a George Washington in regard to his affection for truth. No, beloved friend, that is not the best creamery butter; it is pure, unadulterated oilymargarine, made out of finest and fattest carcasses of animals secured by the rendering establishment, a premium given on those that have died a natural death. The tea, too, has its deleterious dust, that it may yield a greater profit to the seller; so has the coffee; so has everything else. The grocery-man's inhumanity to man will soon make it necessary for every citizen to carry with him a stomach-pump and an emetic.

Probably one-half of the newspapers that are published in this country would be unable to exist were it not for the frequency of elections. The patent insides and the patent outsides begin to brace up during the campaign year—it is their harvest. The advocacy of certain principles in their columns is always worth so many dollars and cents to one of the parties. The party that has the use of the biggest bar'l gets the most advocacy; but in any case the usual preliminary chatter and useless discussion has

already begun, until newspaper-reading loses its charm for sensible people. On close investigation, we find that nine hundred and eighty-seven candidates have been already nominated for the Presidency on the Republican ticket, and about nineteen thousand on the Democratic ticket. That about a couple of thousand favor a tariff for revenue only, and the greater part of the remainder one for salary only. It is perhaps just as well to know the views of these gentlemen before the nomination, as it is a good thing to have a choice, and but *two* candidates of any consequence can be nominated. As for ourselves, we are willing to admit that we don't know what we want, except a new President, to be elected with as little fuss as possible, on a platform which shall acknowledge the principle of free trade.

PUCK'S ANNUAL, PUCK'S ANNUAL,

All shout, is about the best thing out,

From Me. to Cal.

It hits high-water mark

Out in Ark.;

It fills gay souls with bliss

Out in Wis.

And down in Miss.;

The people for it sigh and cry and fly

In N. Y.;

And it doth fill the bill and kill

All sorrow out in Ill.

It is O. K.

In Va. and Ga. and Pa. and I a.,

And likewise in Ken. and Tenn.

It is ever smiled upon

Up in Conn.,

Also in Mex. and Tex.

And Mo. and Idaho;

And in every other State

And Territory

It merriment doth create,

And robes itself in glory.

The young and old can not withhold their gold, But cheerfully plank down their quarters, notwithstanding the times are hard, and get a number of this bomb-shell of laughter. We will not state the number of this edition, as that might make us seem conceited. Suffice it to say that we got mixed on the count a few days ago, and can not tell for about a week just how many editions we have printed.

But all news-dealers have it for twenty-five cents.

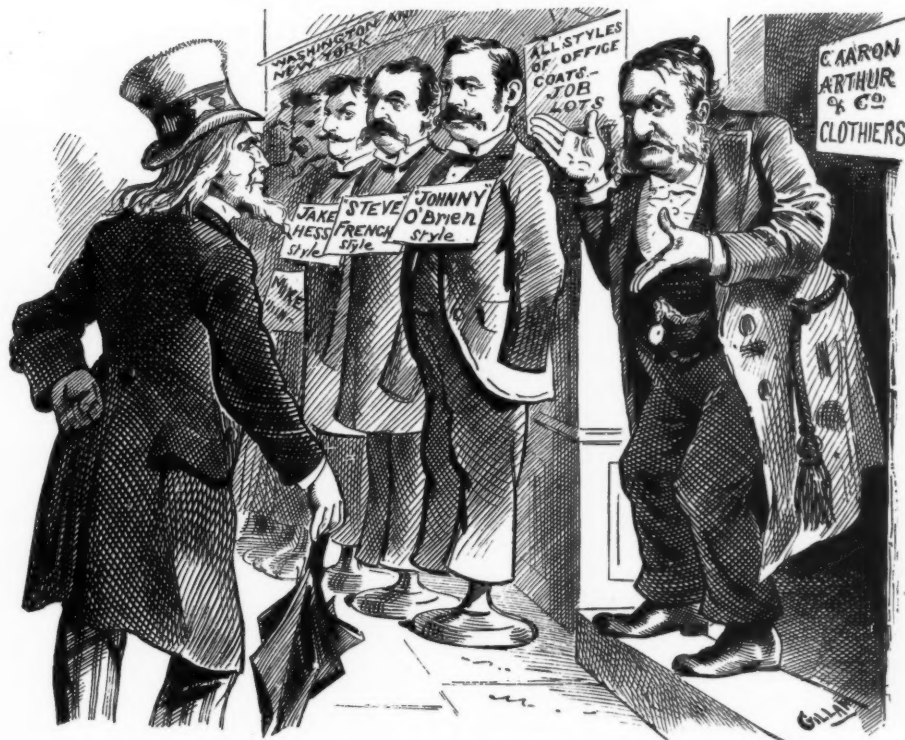
## POSSIBILITIES OF PRISON REFORM.



TREAT OUR PRISONERS LIKE PRINCES, AND MAKE PAUPERS OF CRIMINAL LAWYERS.



## THE SAME OLD DUMMIES.



THE COUNTRY(MAN).—"You will have to make a better showing than that to take me in again, Mister!"

## ESSENTIAL OIL OF CONGRESS.

Washington, March 5th, 1884.

## NAVAL APPROPRIATION BILL.

MR. S. S. COX said that he was in a very unhappy frame of mind. Kasson, the chivalrous Kasson, had said yesterday many things which he, Mr. Cox, scarcely thought the correct thing. The text of that speech was "blood and iron," which was quite too horribly awful for Mr. Cox's nerves. Count Bismarck was a blood-and-iron man. And why was he a blood-and-iron man? Because he had strong prejudices against the American hog, and because he bounced resolutions passed by the American House of Representatives. Was this kind of thing to be submitted to? Not if he, Mr. S. S. Cox, knew himself. Hog or Bismarck was his motto. Either would do; it was all the same thing. He preferred the hog—it was more polite. The question only indirectly affected the Naval Appropriation Bill; but he could not refrain from asking: "Suppose Bismarck refused to apologize, what would be the result?" There was but one answer to the query. The American navy would, without a moment's hesitation, sail for Berlin and teach the proud Berliners that the United States was not to be insulted through its hogs or through its Lasker resolutions. Two telegraph messengers with toy-pistols would be stationed at Hamburg. Bremen would be attacked with a battery of Keely motors and some cracker bon-bons, while the remainder of the forces and the war-vessels would sail up the Spree, and Germany would be lost to Europe. Somebody had said something about the millennium. Well, what of it? Let it come along. He was quite prepared for the symposium. He preferred it to the principle of blood and iron, which rattled his nerves, thereby accounting for the provisions of the Naval Appropriation Bill.

MR. CALKINS desired to add to the great reputation that he'd already made throughout the universe by suggesting that no more than three admirals, five captains, seven lieutenant-

commanders, twenty-four lieutenants, one able seaman, one marine, and half an ensign be allowed to each four-oared gig. To permit more than these on a craft of such a size was gross and unmitigated extravagance. It ought to be put a stop to right away. The most reputable naval authorities had said that five admirals were sufficient to be in charge of any vessel, no matter how small she might be, provided she had the regular complement of officers.

MR. RANDALL remarked that, although the House had neglected to elect him Speaker, he bore no malice; and to prove that he meant what he said, he would take the opportunity of suggesting an amendment providing that the amount appropriated for the Bureau of Construction and Repairs shall be apportioned in monthly installments, and the United States shall go immediately out of business, under Samuel J. Tilden as President, should the apportionment be made every five weeks instead.

MR. BELFORD wished to observe that he was from Colorado. Perhaps a large number of people were not aware of the fact; but it was a fact nevertheless. There was nothing he was so fond of as urging the expenditure of money that did not belong to him. The larger the amount, the funnier he thought it was. What was fifteen thousand dollars for emergencies? It wouldn't keep him in luncheons and champagne for a session. He therefore moved to increase to fifty million dollars the appropriation for emergencies and extraordinary expenses. That was a nice, respectable amount, and would help to buy almost anything, from early strawberries to perpetual plumbing.

The greater part of the remainder of the sitting was filled up by the clerk, who, at the desire of Mr. Cox, read a number of extracts from Mr. Belford's speeches, including a special criticism on the Jersey Lily and a sketch of the gentleman by himself.

It is all well enough to say there is no use of crying over spilled milk; but suppose the milk is spilled on your shoes that have just been blacked!

## Puckerings.

THE SUN-FLOWER—Roswell P.

WAR NEWS—El Mahdi-gras occupied New Orleans last week.

WHEN A man's religion draws his face down to such a point that he won't laugh, you can bet your foundation nickel that all the religion he has is in his chin.

THE CONSISTENCY of woman is beautifully illustrated by the fact that she will calmly open a can of salmon with her husband's razor, and yet fly into a sort of wild, weird, poetic frenzy when she sees her husband endeavoring to remove a cork from a claret-bottle with her best embroidery scissors.

WE LEARN by cable that at the levee that General Gordon held at Khartoum, in the Sudan, the poorest Arab was admitted. This is not so wonderfully condescending. When an American President holds a levee, the poorest American is admitted, and he's generally so poor that he has to come there to try to get an office.

MR. GLADSTONE, in introducing a bill to increase the number of voters in England by two millions, said that the people were trustworthy. This is good for the people. We wish some of them would come to New York and become Aldermen. That is the kind of men we want in this town to help the Mayor govern us.

IF THE Democrats desire to elect the next President, let them be sure and not nominate a gentleman. Let them put up a man who started in life by getting up at three in the morning and gathering mushrooms to sell at ten cents a quart, and killing bull-frogs with a "shinney" to peddle to epicures. Let him be a man who worked on a farm in the summer, and was taught to read at the age of thirty by his employer's grandmother. In short, let the Democrats put up a man who wears ready-made clothes three sizes too large for him, and has whiskers on his neck to make him look like a sound financier. The Democrats must meet the Republicans in their own style, if they would have any chance; and that is to put up a regular old easy-going hay-seed, who wears clothes made by his wife, and who is highly moral, and very fond of cabbage.

## SAINT PATRICK.



A FANCY SKETCH FOR THE SEVENTEENTH.

## THE ANCIENTS OF FORMER TIMES.

The ancients had no ice-cream saloons, no bunco joints, no billiards, no beer; they had no street-cars, no telephones, no poker, no cigars, no potatoes, no night-keys. Their life was not perfect—they were behind the times. The Roman children, by the system of education then in vogue, were obliged to learn Latin, while the children of the sister nation hammered away at Greek. Of the modern languages they knew nothing. German, Italian, Russian, Choc-taw were all English to them.

Nothing shows the mental weakness of the ancients better than the kind of conundrums they propounded to each other. They were perpetually asking: "What is love?" "What is life?" "What is force?" Just as people now say: "How's business?" or "Is this hot enough for you?" The ancients had no weather-bulletins posted up, showing whether it was going to be hot enough for them the next day; but it was a small burgh that did not boast a philosopher, who sat on a portico and dealt out rations of information about the Mysteries of the Circle and the probable end of the Infinite.

The Greeks and Romans had pretty good prize-fighters, for the times; but Boston men claim that their sluggers left a good deal to be desired. It is safe to say that Spartacus, the sheep-boy, would have been an easy prey to our average cowboy, and the "Dying Gladiator" would probably have done the expiring act in the previous canto, if Mr. J. L. Sullivan could have had the pleasure of an introduction to him according to the etiquette of the Marquis of Queensberry.

Besides these inferiorities, the ancients had no theatres worthy of the name. The actors wore masks such as the practical joker uses to scare his friends into fits and lunatic asylums with nowadays. The rule was, the more hideous the mask, the better the actor. In fact, the masks were so horrible that only one actor was allowed on the stage at a time. He generally stayed until death relieved him or the audience, when the chorus filed in to do the song and dance. There has been much discussion about the object of the Greek Play, but the better opinion is that it was devised as a means of punishment. Torture was not unknown in those days, and the Greek Play is probably only a refinement of the cruelty prevailing in those splendid but barbarous and unhumanized times. Records of the police-courts preserved by Susan B., who was a Woman's Rights Police Judge at the time, show that the practice was that when a man was hauled up for drunk and disorderly, if it was his first offense, or there were extenuating circumstances, he was let off with a reprimand, a proposal of marriage from the Police Judge, and a Friday matinée hanging by the executioner; but if he was an old offender, he was promptly bundled off to the Greek Play.

Of the home-life of the ancients little is known, and what little is known is not believed. Certain scholars sought to establish the fact that the domestic ancient was similar to the modern, and that Cæsar and Cicero sat on the edge of the bed to put in their shirt-studs, and groped under the bureau for their collar-buttons. David Hume did not believe this, and in his famous article on "How to Keep the Boys on the Farm" he dealt the hypothesis a death-blow by a powerful argument, in which he proved that Cicero and Cæsar did not have shirt-studs and collar-buttons.

Cæsar devoted to study all the time which would have been consumed in hunting his collar-button, and so easily acquired all the knowledge in the world. In modern life, with the condition of the collar-button introduced, Professor Agassiz well says that one man can not become master of more than one thing; and that thing is certainly not his collar-button.

## ONLY A LITTLE GREEN GRAVE—



—BUT, IF PROPERLY LOADED WITH DYNAMITE AND OTHER EXPLOSIVES, IT WILL CAUSE VACANCIES AMONG THE STUDENTS OF THE NEAREST MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The ancients had a custom of killing a slave or two on the eve of any unusual undertaking. This custom may seem, at first, strange and even wrong; but when it is considered that the Greeks' slaves were generally Romans, and the Romans' generally Greeks, the unprejudiced mind will see no valid reason against their being slain in any number to suit.

Nero saw the policy of this plan of extermination, and when Rome was burning, he rose to the occasion and played the fiddle like a man, not, as people think, to heighten the agony of the dying, but to drive those who were escaping back into the flames. If he could have played louder, probably not a Roman would have escaped; but he couldn't, and Roman history continued right on, to the prima-donna and the organ-grinder.

FUSH.

## MY LOVE 'S A PLUMBER'S DAUGHTER.

Between the starlight and the day,  
In winter's deepening gloaming,  
Adown a glistening snow-clad way  
My love and I were roaming.

The night-breeze kissed her sunny hair,  
And mingled with its tresses,  
And touched her fair cheek here and there  
With dainty light caresses.

But suddenly across our path,  
With waters dark and troubled,  
A raging torrent rushed in wrath,  
Its force each moment doubled.

Confidingly upon the brink  
Her hand in mine she trusted,  
Then murmured low: "George, don't you think  
Somebody's hydrant 's busted?"

PHI DONK.

AN OLD pair of cuffs, with the button-holes worn so large that they drop off the buttons, and work down on your knuckles about twenty or thirty times a minute, can worry a man about as much as any other inanimate thing we know of.

NO, GRACIE, dear, in all our days  
We never heard it spoken blase,  
But since you ask it, we should say  
The better way would be blah-say.

## SANDWICHES.

WALT WHITMAN has a poem in *Harper's Magazine* beginning: "With husky, haughty lips, O sea!" He was probably in bathing at Long Branch last summer, and the under-tow got in its little work in a manner which didn't suit him.

HENRY WARD BEECHER says it is an awful thing to be a minister. To the carnal world, the bestowal of the holy kiss, together with the various other perquisites of the popular clergyman, does not seem, on a superficial glance, to be particularly calculated to inspire awe.

A GUN HAS been invented in Connecticut which will throw a three-pound cartridge a distance of three miles, compressed air being the propelling agency. What a magnificent piece of office-furniture it would be for an editorial-room infested by the Spring poet!

THE *Independent* says: "The true remedy for lynching is to hang the lynchers." This is a startling idea to spring upon an unsuspecting public without any preparation. It will correct the vague notion which has been loitering in the minds of most people that lynch-law could be suppressed by sending bouquets to lynchers, or offering a reward for every man lynched.

THE PEOPLE of this glorious country are long-suffering and slow to wrath; but if the irrepressible humorist rises this spring, and begins to construct alleged jokes about a man's last summer's suit of clothes and the straw hat which covered his head at a same period, the people will be justified in rising in their wrath and annihilating that aforesaid humorist from the land.  
J. H. THOLEUS.

AMONG THE mysterious disappearances for the month of February may be mentioned our umbrella.

THE ESQUIMAUX make a light breakfast off six tallow-candles.



## CROSSES.

I.  
This world is full of trouble,  
This world is full of pain;  
The day set for the picnic  
It's always sure to rain.

II.  
The girl we love the dearest  
Some other fellow loves;  
On the coldest day in winter  
We lose our buck-skin gloves.

III.  
When trying to drift to slumber  
The fiend plays his cornet;  
It's always the boot that's broken  
That finds the spot that's wet.

IV.  
When the bitter winds of winter  
Go howling across the plain,  
Why, that is the time that something  
Smashes your window-pane.

V.  
When first sweet airs of spring-time  
Make all serene and bland,  
Instead of the songs of robins  
We hear the German band.

VI.  
When going out to dinner,  
In swallow-tail begirt,  
You get the soup all over  
The bosom of your shirt.

VII.  
When in the night you're thirsty,  
'Tis ten to one you'll find,  
On getting up, the pitcher  
Containing naught but wind.

VIII.  
When with your sweet enslaver  
You dance the racquet gay,  
Then does your vital button  
Timidly slip away.

IX.  
But the trouble of all troubles  
That makes a man most sick,  
That makes him howl from morning  
Till night and jump and kick,

X.  
And vow he is the mortal  
By direst woe begirt,  
Is to have a fifteen collar  
Upon a sixteen shirt.



## A TRADITION.

MORE LIGHT ON THE HISTORY OF G. W.

ANY YEARS AGO, near the head of the great Parent of Waters, there lived a little nut-brown papoose with eyes like black beads and hair like the tail of a two-year-old colt. His name was George W. Sitting Bull, Heir Apparently to the Royal Succession in the Sioux Nation, and Roast Grasshopper-Eater Extraordinary to His Nibbs, Old Man Sitting Bull.

George W. Sitting Bull, with all his royalty, pride, pomp and circumstance, was not proud. He did not vaunt himself, neither was he puffed up. He hunted the aromatic polecat with the other papooses of his tribe, and at night returned hungry, happy and redolent of their ferocious game.

When George was seven years of age, his father gave him a bright new tomahawk that had never been used, and told him to wield it like a true warrior, and never to tell a lie. George was greatly pleased with his beautiful tomahawk, and had all he could do to keep from hacking something with its bright new blade. He remembered, however, that his father had warned him to take care of it and not to use it ignobly, so he controlled himself and obeyed.

One day he was tempted to cut some kindling with it for his royal mother; but he remembered that it would be unworthy a warrior of the royal wigwam of the Bulls to cut kindling, and he resisted.

Toward Fall, little George W. Sitting Bull walked over into the neighboring agency, with his glittering tomahawk in his belt. The morning was magnificent, and the air full of ozone. He was very fond of ozone, and frequently went forth in the crisp air to gather in ozone and huckleberries.

Near the huckleberry-patch was the agency potato-vineyard, and through its clustering underbrush George could see the agent bugging potatoes. George's little black eyes gleamed and his mouth watered. He slid through the grass on the pit of his stomach as quietly as a rattle-snake toward the potato-patch. He felt at his belt to see if his tomahawk was still there. It was.

George knew that the agent was a great favorite with his father, and yet he felt a strong desire to crawl through the fence and dedicate the new tomahawk while the agent stooped over his task. He struggled to throw off the spell; but it was useless. He took a fresh chew of tobacco, hesitated a moment to spit on his hands, then he clutched the weapon, slid noiselessly through the brush behind the agent, and as he stooped to mash the never-dying soul out of a large black-and-yellow potato-bug, George jumped upon him like a panther, and clove the skull of the white man with the flashing blade. The agent fell with a sick-

ening thud among the potato-vines, his new chip hat beside him, with a hole chopped in it where George's murderous weapon had sped.



—"Bravely done!" said the aged chieftain.—

Hastily abstracting a partially-used plug of Climax tobacco and a pocket-book from the agent's clothing, George Washington Sitting Bull, with his gory hatchet at his belt, fled into the forest like a frightened fawn.

All day he wandered through the woods; but at night he had resolved to go to his father and meet his fate. When he came to the royal tepee, old man Sit called the lad to him, and said:

"I know what you have done. You have cut down my favorite agent."

"Ah, sir," said George: "as you seem to have the bulge on me and know all about it, I can not tell a lie. He came after me with a grub-hoe to take my life, and I had to do it in self-defense."

"Bravely done!" said the aged chieftain: "I hate to lose my pet Indian-agent, it is true; but I'd rather see all the Indian-agents in Christendom hacked up till their skins wouldn't hold their honest convictions than that my little George should tell a clumsy and improbable falsehood."

BILL NYE.

## A COLD DAY FOR THE LION.



INDIGESTIBLE DELICACIES.

## OLD CHUMP.

Until I met the hero of this sketch I was chock-full of self-merit, and thought that I was as talented a romancer as ever lived since the time of Münchhausen. I was young and foolish then, and had no knowledge of the capacity of the scribes of the daily press, or of the genius of the average candidate for Congress.

Forty long years since I lived in a village in Maine, and my next-door neighbor was an ancient, solemn, but good-natured Englishman. His name was Chump.

Old Chump was antique, but not venerable. He must have been a lineal descendant of Ananias and Sapphira; yet, strange to say, I often wished that he was my father. To me he seemed the most interesting man of ancient or modern times.

To produce such a nose as old Chump wore must have been an expensive and life-long task. It was a gorgeous work of art and patient industry, and seemed literally alive with glowing, scintillating colors. The lily-of-the-valley was quite unfit to be compared with it. As I sat by his stove, listening to his foreign experiences, I was often almost mesmerized by that radiant and profusely variegated nose.

He had a watch—a very coppery-looking one it was. "All vargin goold is this color," he said. But I will just report, in his own words, a few of the yarns he told most frequently.

"This 'ere watch is made out of goold just as it comes from the goold-mines. King George sent me this watch just before 'e died. Says 'e: 'You know Mr. Chump?' says 'e, and they says: 'Yes, Your Royal Majesty.' 'Then,' says 'e: 'you take 'im this 'ere watch,' says 'e: 'and tell 'im 'e knows what I sent it for.' You see, I saved 'is life at the battle of Waterloo, when I was a hoffer in the life-guards. The King was just asking me to bring Wellin'ton to him, when hup came the royal French bombazines, all in their 'elmets and shields and swords, all on 'orseback, gallupin' right at us. 'This looks serious, Mr. Chump,' says the King; but I draws my sword and I says: 'There's a big lot on 'em, for sure; but what then?' says I: 'They're only Frenchmen! You cut and run, George,' says I: 'and I'll keep 'em at bay.' And I *did*. Wellin'ton give me five shillin' for that job, and this 'ere knife.

"That picter o' th' Vargen Mary? That was persented to me by the Pope of Rome with 'is own 'ands. I was a 'ermit then in a cave in Jerusalem, and the Pope 'e used to come in and smoke 'is pipe with me, just as if we was brothers. I learnt 'im to smoke through 'is ears—this way, you see—and 'e give me that there picter as a memorandum of it.

"That there ship? That's a model of one as I was captain of—the *Yellow Marmaid*. You can't mention no country on this 'ere globe as I 'aven't sailed to in that ship—Jap-pan, West Ingies, East Ingies, Africa, Roosha, Proosha, Switzerland, Moscow and Gibraltar. Why, I've had that ship brim-full of pirates, as I took prisoner in the Dead Sea. The chief hadmiral of all give it to me with 'is own 'ands; and 'e says to me: 'Mr. Chump,' says 'e: 'you're a honor to old England,' says 'e: 'and if ever you're short of five shillings, send to *me*, Mr. Chump, and you shall 'ave it as welcome as the flowers in May,' says 'e.

"Shipwrecked? Yes, I was, 'undreds o' times. But I awlus saved my ship until she went down in a whirlpool in the Bay of Biscay. We went down miles an' miles, an' I should have stuck to my ship *then*, but I couldn't. I couldn't go down as fast as she did, 'owever I tried, and at last I lost sight of 'er. I kept divin' and divin', lower and lower, but I never see the *Marmaid* again. It nearly broke my 'eart. How did I escape? Why, I made a raft.

"You never see a book like that afore. That

book's ten thousand year old. King Solomon give that book to one of my hancestors, and wrote 'is name in it. See, 'ere it is: 'Solomon,' and then this poetry:

'Steal not this book for fear of shame,  
For 'ere you see the howner's name.'

"Solomon composed that 'isself, and wrote it there with 'is own 'ands. That there writin' in that corner was wrote by Halexander Chump—'im as they call Halexander the Great. 'E was a hancestor of mine, and 'e left that book to my grandfather in his last will. The British Museum offered me five pounds for this book, money down, all in goold; but I wouldn't sell it. I should as soon think of sellin' that there taliscope.

"That taliscope? Why, that 'ere was Noah's. He give it to one of my hancestors with 'is own 'ands. 'Is wife's name was Chump afore she was married, and it was 'er as scratched 'is name on it just 'ere—see? Only it's all wore off now. Lord Nelson give this taliscope to me. His name was Chump, by rights, for his mother's name was Nell Chump. He was Nell's son, you see; but 'is proper name was Chump. Says 'e to me, when I carried 'im up to the cockpit, when 'e was mortally wounded:

"Mr. Chump,' says 'e: 'don't give up the ship. Never surrender. England expects this day that every Chump will do 'is duty. 'Ere, take this taliscope and presave it, and 'and it down to your postillions,' says 'e.

"You see that there candle-box? Well, that there box is the valuablest—"

But up-grown readers will be tired of these yarns. Despite their extravagance, they are very monotonous. Old Chump is no more, and has left no heir to inherit his precious relics. Over his grave is this epitaph:

"He's left our worldly hills and dales,  
For mansions in the skies;  
No more we hear his wondrous tales,  
Though David Chump here lies."

BENJAMIN CRUSOE.

A HUMANE INDIVIDUAL says that Bergh should see that the alligators in Central Park be taken to Florida every year, and kept there during the months of February and March.

## PRO FORMA.

*Une Ballade (N'est-ce pas?).*

No matter what bumpers of Sherry  
At Delmonico suppers I quaffed,  
Where Tom, Dick and Harry were merry,  
And the chandelier shook as we laughed;  
No matter how gayly we chaffed,  
Till the gargons all thought we were mad—  
My Muse in the morning was daft,  
And I never could write a Ballade.

I have studied the bards o'er the ferry,  
From Villou, the king of the craft,  
To Dobson, as fresh as a berry,  
And Lang, with Apollo's own shaft—  
Sitting snug on the cushions abaft,  
Where the sun shining down made me glad,  
On a yawl, or a punt, or a raft:  
Yet I never could write a Ballade.

In an orchard of apple and cherry,  
Where sweet odors the soft breezes waft;  
In Boston and London and Derry  
I have drawn on my powers the draft,  
But I never could nourish the graft.  
Shall I now to my failures add?  
Shall it be o'er my Muse epitaphed  
That I never could write a Ballade?

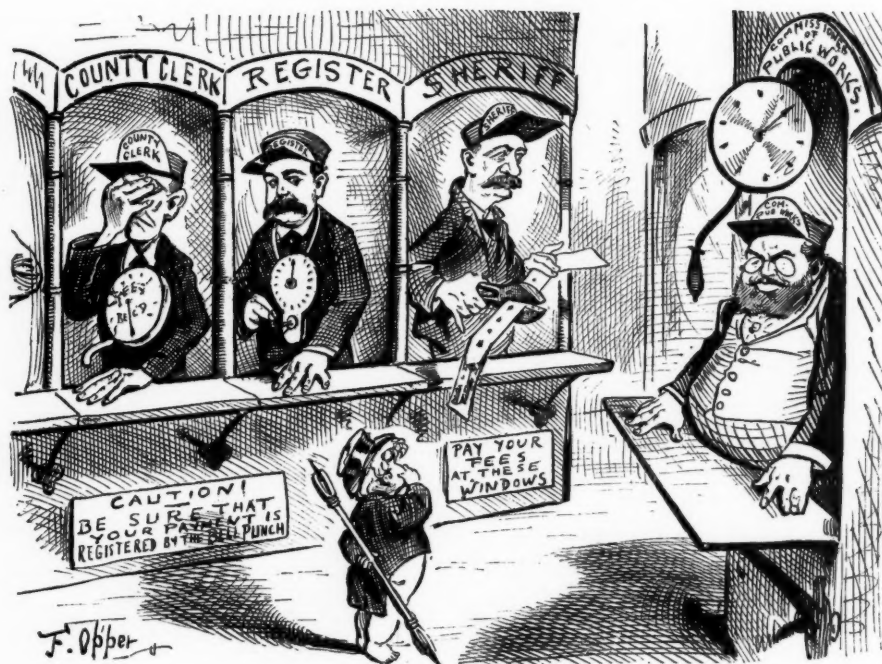
L'ENVOI.

O Prince! a Pierian draught  
I filched when an urchin, egad!  
He has lost who swore by his haft  
That I never could write a Ballade.

C. C. S.

A YOUNG LADY writes, under the name of Florentine Harcourt, to find out the best way to keep a dog in the house. Wait till he lies down and falls asleep. Then drive a couple of nails through his ears into the floor. Another way is to place a staple over his tail, and drive it down into the planks as far as it will go. There is still another: Tie a cord around his tail, and on the end of it fasten a tenpenny nail, and drop the latter through a knot-hole in the floor, so that it will catch crosswise when the dog attempts to move off. But perhaps the most successful manner of keeping a dog in the house is to leave all the doors open and kick the dog out. As soon as he finds that you are determined to keep him out, he will come in and remain in spite of you.

## HARD, BUT NECESSARY.



LET THE CITY ADOPT THE BELL-PUNCH PLAN, AS ABOVE, AND THERE WILL BE NO NEED OF INVESTIGATING COMMITTEES.



## AT THE TELEPHONE.

"Hello!" the man said at the box;  
 "Hello!" he said again;  
 "Hello, Exchange! Hello!" he said;  
 "Hello, there, Number 10!"  
 But Number ten was otherwise  
 Engaged, it seemed, just then,  
 And, after waiting quite a while,  
 He said "Hello!" again.  
 No answer came. The man got mad,  
 But still no Number 10;  
 Then, like an Indian on the plains,  
 He yelled "Hello!" again.  
 All quiet. Now with might and main  
 He gave another yell:  
 "Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello-o!  
 Hello-o-o! Hell-o! Hell-o!"

WILL LAMPTON.

## DYNAMITE.

"'Anged if I don't think," said the chief of the London detective force: "that there 'as been an hexplosion somewhere. I hobserve an account of somethink of the sort in the papers."

"You are right," answered the second in command, as he sipped his 'arf-and-'arf, and smoked his church-warden clay pipe in the tap-room of the "Dog and Drake," in Putney Court, E. C., Cholmondeley Alley, Whitechapel: "It is the work of some of them Fenians."

"'Ow do you think they manage to do it, when police hofferers are about all the time?" inquired the other man.

"Blow my heyes if I knows. They must be 'elped by those 'orrid Hamericans. Hamericans is hawful creatures. Allus inventing somethink that is hastonishing. But, as to them hexplosions, don't you think as 'ow we ought to happehend somebody on suspicion?"

"Mr. Hinspector Doggett, I 'ave invariably said that you was a man as 'ad a 'ead as was a 'ead. You are right; somebody must be happehended. Let us get warrants from the beaks, and clap the suspicious characters into chokey."

"'Old 'ard a bit. Where are these folks that we've got to get 'old of?"

"Oh, anywhere. Put the 'andcuffs on any feller yer come across, whether Hinglishman, Hirishman or Scotchman. But you've got to be hawfully careful not to run in hanybody as is of hany haccout. The smaller the man the better. Good-by, Hinspector. You'll 'ear of me."

The colloquy then ceased, and soon after, the great world of London was startled by the announcement of the capture of several dynamiters, or persons who were looked upon as suspiciously enamored of explosives. The amount of suspicion filling the air was remarkable. The newspapers were crowded with announcements of this kind: "A suspicious party, known to be a burglar, has been noticed lingering in the vicinity of Windsor Castle." The London *Times* would report: "A truculent-looking individual, whose object was presumed to be the capture of all the American guests in the Langham Hotel, and afterward scattering them with nitroglycerine, has been arrested. An umbrella and an unpaid plumber's bill were found upon him."

Two days are supposed to have elapsed. Again Inspector Doggett and his colleague are seated in the tap-room of the "Dog and Drake," drinking 'arf-and-'arf, quarters of gin, and smoking church-warden clay pipes.

"I think as 'ow we have done pretty well, and will probably get the Queen to make us dooks. We ain't happehended as many people as we might 'ave; but it's hall right. Hall hover London, in heach of the principal railway stations, we 'ave managed to find hever so many Hindia-rubber bags filled with dynamite, and a bloomink lot of boxes chock-full of clock-works. It was pretty foxy on our part to 'ave 'id 'em there first."

"It was," said the Inspector: "and it hain't of no consequence whether we happehend any more people or not. The country is sure to lay the blame on Hamericans. Yer 'ealth me friend."

## Answers for the Anxious.

ANTE.—We don't care if A held the age, and B bet 2 dollars, and C raised him a quarter, and you all got into a row over it. We aren't deciding poker bets just at present. But we will act as stake-holder, with pleasure.

W. B. CASH.—No, thank you. We wouldn't mind having a new fighting editor, as our present one is a little tired and frayed out, so to speak; but we would prefer a man whose sanguinary ideas are reasonably moderate. We are afraid that if business happened to be dull, you might turn around and relieve your surcharged spirit and quench your thirst for gore within the privacy of the office, which would lead to the reduction of the staff and the musing up of the floor.

## REPUBLICAN COBURGERS.

LOOSE LEAVES FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT.



Feather-Beds of Washington.



Lava-Beds of Oregon.



Fancy Balls—Life in Washington.



Indian Balls—Death in Arizona.



Growing Old in the Service—Washington.



Growing Old in the Service—Arizona.

## THE BILLS.

[BY A PARODIST WHO KNOWS THAT POE IS DEAD.]

See the tailor with his bill,  
 Broadcloth bill!  
 What a world of "pants" and coats its concise pages fill;  
 How they cheat me, cheat me, cheat me,  
 Which is sure their greatest knack,  
 Whilst the shirts, hats, collars, waistcoats,  
 Both second-hand and best coats,  
 Have all faded on my back,  
 Keeping chink, chink, chink  
 From my pockets—just to think  
 Of the tintin—that-is-needed for the payment of the bills;  
 Of the bills, bills, bills, bills,  
 Bills, bills, bills;  
 For the payment and the settling of the bills!  
 See the awful dry-goods bill,  
 My wife's bill!  
 What a world of female clothes its lengthy columns fill;  
 There are laces, ribbons, capes,  
 Hats, bonnets, furs and crapes,  
 All the best!  
 Oh, upon its crumpled sheet  
 What a sight of fine kid-gloves the eyes will always meet!  
 How they swell!  
 How I yell  
 For my wife to come and see it;  
 And I ask: "How can it be? It  
 Surely is not so!"  
 But my wife exclaims: "Why, Charlie,  
 You are truly very snarly;  
 And I'd really like to know  
 Why you should be so snappy,  
 When it makes your wifey happy,  
 Makes the children love their pappy,  
 Just to have a little bill?"

Too much horrified to speak,  
 I can only shriek, shriek, shriek,  
 Rant and roar,  
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the bills,  
 In a mad expostulation to the long and fearful bills,  
 Mounting higher, higher, higher,  
 With a desperate desire,  
 And a resolute endeavor  
 Now, now to reach or never  
 Five thousand dollars more!  
 Oh, the bills, bills, bills,  
 How my frantic bosom thrills  
 From the payin' of the bills;  
 How I scream in my despair,  
 By the roots pull out my hair  
 From my head!  
 How I mutter and I moan  
 In a muffled monotone  
 On my bed.  
 How my bosom aches; my gills  
 Turn blue at all these bills;  
 How my heart, my hopes, my tills  
 Are broken by these bills!  
 By the bills, bills, bills, bills,  
 Bills, bills, bills;  
 By the paying and the praying  
 For the bills!  
 By the cursing and disbursing  
 For the bills!  
 By the horrible, abominable bills,  
 By the damning and the slamming of the bills!

"A POET."



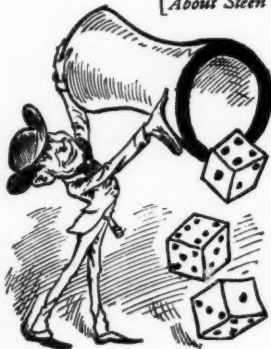




LEN DREAM.

## WON BY ANOTHER.

[About Seven Miles After Heine.]



In yonder gilded tavern  
There hangs a painting rare;  
'Tis the picture of a maiden  
With a wealth of golden hair.

I gazed upon that maiden,  
And I wished she might be mine;  
But I'm doomed to disappointment,  
And in sadness I repine.

O fair and lovely maiden,  
You were never meant for me,  
For, you see, I threw but fifty-two,  
And some duffer threw fifty-three.

J. C. W.

## A POPULAR BUSINESS.

I am a detective; here's my card:

JOHN BEAKEAGLE,

*Criminal Detective.*

You will notice me standing in public places, like a vulture watching for prey. I'm down on humanity; but the man who pays well can hire me. A mysterious murder on Long Island, done in the night, and the murderer escapes. A large reward offered for the apprehension of the culprit. Must work for the reward, if I arrest the whole population of the township. There's a few worthless fellows hanging around the village bar-rooms who make a business of getting drunk, and keep in that condition. As long as they can earn a few dollars to keep them in liquor, that is all they ask for. They were never known to do anybody any injury, but they will get drunk. Perhaps I can get one of these vagabonds to make a confession that he committed the crime. If I can accomplish that end—well, my reputation's made.

But hold on; there's the law—I've got to prove that this suspected party is the one who committed the deed. The law was always against us detectives. Well, it's fun to see the frightened drunkard in shackles, begging for mercy before the town officials; but it's glory for me to see my name in the public print daily, in the position of a hero, throwing sand in the eyes of the public, and furnishing food for the sensational newspaper. Did you say beer?

W. L. C.

## THE PLACE FOR HIM.



POET.—“Don't know of any one who wants to lend a struggling poet a few dollars, do you?”

FRIEND.—“Ahem, well, I did; but they have got him in the lunatic asylum now!”

## LISH DUZENBERRY'S CHANGE OF HEART.

For fifty-three years had Lish Duzenberry “dwelt in the tents of the ungodly,” as those who prayed for and achieved his conversion put it. During that period he had successfully withstood the wave of revival which swept annually through the rural districts of Massachusetts, to the delight of those who dealt, surreptitiously, in more ardent stimulants, and to the disgust of the steady-going farmers, who grumbled when their wives and daughters neglected home duties to take part in the exhilarating rustic pastime of soul-saving.

When, therefore, it was announced in Beaville that Lish Duzenberry had at last “took pious,” the news spread with startling rapidity, carrying wonder to the incredulous, joy to the righteous, and consternation to the unrepentant boon companions who had been for so many years his associates in Sunday fishing expeditions down the Larrabee Creek, and in games of “set back” euchre in Peleg Perkins's “back room.”

The news of this conversion came primarily from Lish himself, and in this wise:

It was at the regular Friday evening prayer-meeting in the basement of the Congregational Church. Every head was bowed, and Deacon Elderkin had just begun one of his peculiarly shrewd and nasal prayers, when the door opened and Lish Duzenberry, who had never been known to set foot in the place before, walked quietly to an unoccupied seat, sat down, and, without seeming to heed the gaze of those who squirmed in their seats in order to get a look at him, bowed his head reverently on his hands with the manifest intention of taking part in the services.

Deacon Elderkin, who had not dared to disturb his attitude of prayer, learned by the whispers about him who the new-comer was, and determined to “get even with him” for a certain “hoss-trade” in which Lish had recently worsted him, exposing him to the ridicule of the community. So, paying no attention to the new arrival, he continued his supplication:

“We ask thy blessin', O Lord, on all who are assembled here to-night, 'n' we pray also fur all them as is 'n' hev been scoffers, a-ridiculin' uv Thy holy word, 'n' a-holdin' on it up to scorn. 'N' if they be enny one on us here as hes been a leetle sharp in a hoss-trade, O Lord, we ask that Thy blessin' may be with him the same as on us as hes been squar'.”

A suppressed titter ran through the room, and all eyes were turned to the new arrival, who gnashed his teeth and glared at the supplicant between the fingers of his broad palm. The Deacon's sly dig had been understood by every one, and great was the expectation as to how “Lish” would retaliate.

Scarcely had the amen sounded when he arose, and, in the whining accents which seemed to him suited to the time and place, addressed the meeting and announced that he had experienced a change of heart, and was desirous of living a new life. In conclusion he offered a devout prayer, of which the following fragment caused the worthy Deacon to writhe in his seat, while his colleagues chuckled and grinned with undisguised amusement:

“N', O Lord! we beg 'n' beseech of Thee not to withdraw the light of Thy bountiful from any of us—especially them as hes been unfort'nit by flood or by fire. Let not the brand of unjust suspicion rest on any as hes their barns burnt daown arter bein' insured, 'n' may Thy wondrous grace inspire 'em, so they kin fix it with the companies.”

That night every man, woman and child in Beaville knew of Lish Duzenberry's conversion, and chuckled and guffawed over the story of his repartee.

Long after the other members of the family had retired, the old rustic, relieved now of his burden of fifty-three years of sin, sat, ruminating, by the kitchen fire. A soft tap on the window awoke him from his reverie.

“Who be ye?” he called, as he advanced cautiously toward the window.

“It's me—Jake Higgins—lemme in.”

“What's this my wimmin-folks tells me about yer gittin' religion up-meetin' ter-night?” gasped Jake, as soon as he had been admitted.

“Wa-al, I reckon they ain't so far aout; but come in, Jake, 'n' warm ye.”

His guest seated himself by the fire, and Lish, talking the while, shuffled about the room in his stocking-feet, and produced two glasses and the old demijohn of applejack which the pair knew so well.

“Want yourn het up?” he asked, as he held the steaming nozzle of the tea-kettle over his friend's glass.

“Wa-al, I'll tell ye about the truth on it. I jist dropped in to fetch home 'Liza Jane; 'n' Deacon Elderkin thought he'd be kinder cunnin' 'baout that hoss-trade we had a spell ago. Wa-al, I wan't a-goin' ter let no such critter as that hev it all to himself, so I jist allowed as I'd hed religion; 'n' then, b'gosh, I sailed in 'n' gin it to him 'baout his barn-burnin'. That's all they is to it, 'n' mebbe, naow, if you was to come to find aout, there's plenty more conversions as wouldn't amaount to much more.”



## A CANDY-PULL.

Have you ever been to a candy-pull?

Every American has heard of the institution, as a matter of course, but all who have heard of it have not participated in the amusement. And what glorious fun it is! How hilarious! how bracing! how refined! how Arcadian! how ethereal!

The object of the candy-pull has never been fully explained; but for all that, when one is going through the mazy ramifications of the sport, there seems to be a very clear and distinct idea in connection with it.

The necessary materials and plant are a good-sized warm kitchen, a number of active young women, aged from fifteen upward, several duds and non-dudes—none over twenty-five—a large supply of white aprons, a larger supply of table-napkins, a well-heated cooking-range, two or three copper stew-pans.

The Eisteddfod usually begins at about eight o'clock in the evening, and soon after the senses are charmed with a strange rapture by the interesting and unusual character of the proceedings. The unabashed and dispassionate looker-on will be for some minutes in doubt as to what is being done. He will see frisky damsels darting about like sticklebacks, and clutching at the fists of other maidens and young men.

By watching very closely, he will detect something in their hands after the snatching process. Each will appear to be hauling on a piece of yellowish-white cord. The harder it is pulled, the longer and thinner the substance becomes, until it breaks off altogether. Then shrieks of laughter fill the air, and the candy—for such it is—is gathered in by the successful pullist with a look of triumph on his or her countenance.

The atmosphere is redolent with the perfume that emanates from hot butter and sugar. Let us now follow one of the young women who is gathering in her sweet trophy.

The candy is obstinate, and refuses to be wound up with ease, whereupon the fair creature dips her lily hand into the butter-dish and smears her palms with best golden creamery, and then proceeds to roll the viscous taffy into an oblate spheroid. Just as she has flattened it a little more at the poles, the delicious substance, which is not unlike a lump of putty, is suddenly torn from her hands by a youth in an old dress-suit, in which he has attired himself for the occasion. It will not matter whether it gets soiled or not in such a circus. One candy-pull is sufficient to make a new dress-coat suitable for the service.

Then the scene becomes a moving panorama of white aprons, active arms and fingers, blonde, brown and raven tresses, black coats and bewildering telegraph lines, and soft balls and lumps of candy of the kind that is known as "fresh every hour." The fun grows fast and furious.

A tall feminine creature will affix an irregular lump on the neck of a dude, while the dude will in turn throw some taffy into the hair of his beloved, who will retaliate by dabbing a well-greased hand on the well-starched bosom of the only garment the knight of the candy-pull counted on keeping clean—his shirt.

The pullers now begin to feel a little wearied of their exertions. They grow less boisterous. The oblate spheroids and the threads

and strings of the taffy are drawn and made up with more sluggishness and fainter enthusiasm. The bugle sounds "Cease firing," and the company adjourns to another apartment for the purpose of discussing ice-cream, lemonade and cookies.

What becomes of the taffy that has been pulled and hauled and drawn and twisted and rolled and kneaded and thrown and flattened and turned, and has had ball played with it, we do not know. Perhaps it is sold at a low price to some cheap and obscure candy-store. Anyway, we did not undertake to eat any of it.

## TO PUCK'S CONTRIBUTORS.

Send us your puns that would dazzle an ox;  
Send us a nicely packed Dynamite box;  
Send us your rhymes about "Sweet Seventeen";  
Send us a Land League Infernal Machine;  
Send us your jokes that would give the Goat cramps;  
Send on your queries without sending stamps;  
Send us your jests that we know were erected  
Long before President Polk was elected;  
Send us your lies, and forget to send facts;  
Take us for heathen and send along tracts;  
Write in a hand that could never be read  
Unless the compositor stood on his head;  
Send us your clippings from Byron and Moore;  
Send us your gags about shutting the door;  
Send us your puzzles we'll have to give up;  
Send enough hog-wash to smother the Pup,  
Bushels of snake-stories all in a bunch;  
Call us the *Sun*, and mistake us for *Punch*;  
Send us a barrel of Boarding-School pieces;  
Send us conundrums as old as Rameses;  
Send us the photos of men of the hour,  
Chromos of Holman and Roswell P. Flower;  
Send what you please of almost anything—  
But don't send us any more "Poems on Spring."

PHI DONK.

WHO WAS IXION? Who was Ixion? You say you have read the classics, and don't know who Ixion was! Away with you, out of this, fardels, etc., for not knowing this. Why, Ixion was the man who was always at the wheel. He ran a roulette-table in an ancient gambling-house.

## ON DOGS.

The man who has never owned a dog is not fit to die. He has not had his legitimate share of fun in this present life. He may have run through the whole catalogue of mortal pleasures beside; but if he has neglected this one supreme privilege of man, he has left at least one-half of the contents of the cup of human happiness untasted.

And why?

Because, in the first place, a dog is funny—intrinsically and necessarily funny. He can't help it; he is born so. He has just enough of human nature in him to make him delightfully and irresistibly ridiculous. If monkeys were as intelligent as dogs, we should be sending them to school and buying their votes at the polls. But, unfortunately, the intelligence of the dog is in such a form that he doesn't get the advantage of it. A dog can be immensely pleased, as well as anybody; but what a misfortune to have to laugh or applaud with a tail!

Again, nobody can enjoy companionship better than a dog; and yet, what a whimsical perplexity he has in trying to convince you of it! His finest expression of the joys of good fellowship consists in planting his muddy feet on the most sacred portion of your raiment, and attacking your face with the moist caresses of his tongue.

Can any one, I ask, who has a soul for humor, fail to find inexhaustible merriment in this embryotic humanity of the dog? He is most irresistibly funny when you try to interpret him, to settle down and have a conversation with him, and get a peep into that curious inner nature of his, which one really does not know whether to call a soul or a nerve-centre. He is vastly obliged to you for your condescension, and yet, I fancy, he suspects all the time that you are making game of him. There!—did you catch that quick, subtle, whimsical side-glance from the corner of his eye? That means that he understands you pretty well, but thinks so much of you and your sense of delicacy that he wouldn't have you suspect it for the world.

There is vastly more fun in talking to a dog than in talking to a fool—because a dog is no fool. He appreciates everything you say, and would give a precious year or two of his brief earthly existence to be able to put his own sentiments into words. But as he can not do this, he gets along the best way he can with those wonderfully expressive eyes of his and the eloquence of that ecstatic tail. Scold him, and he wilts; praise him, and he is too delighted to keep still; talk to him, and I warrant you will have no better listener, whether the subject be within the range of his comprehension or not. Only do not laugh out rudely at his interest, because that grieves him, and the best and most delightful sort of laughter never breaks from the lips. One can be immensely amused with a dog, and yet never let him suspect it. And then there is another reason why no man is fit to die who has never owned a dog.

A dog tests a man's saintliness very thoroughly. I always have my doubts about a person's getting to heaven, be he ever so good, who has not become acquainted with the propensities of the canine race. I look upon it as the supreme indorsement of character to be good and own a dog. For let it not be supposed that the ordinary dog,

## A HIGH OLD EXCUSE.



STARTLED OWNER.—"Hey, what are you doing there?"  
COLORED THIEF (who has just 'allen through sky-light).—"Ise blown here, Boss, by dat dah dreadfil hurricane we had Souf."

however amiable his disposition may be, is altogether blameless and without fault. On the contrary, he has several faults, and it is seldom that they are all dormant at the same time. And, strange as it may seem, the dog's chief fault grows out of the superabundance of his chief grace—viz., affection.

It is not always amusing, for instance, to have the pet of the household track the family to church, and come bounding up the aisle just as the minister is folding his hands over the velvet desk for the long prayer. Nor is it altogether conducive to the growth of personal piety to have your dog meet you at the door when you are arrayed for a grand party, and bedaub your doe-skins or silks with loving impressions of his muddy paws.

And there are other faults peculiar to the dog. He does not always manifest that extreme asperity toward dependent tenants which is such a marked characteristic of the Irish landlord. If he is a dog of impulsive temperament—as most dogs are—he will bark vociferously, and oftentimes spitefully, at everybody who comes near the house, from the butcher or the milkman to the fine lady who calls in a carriage, or the reverend gentleman who comes to pay his ministerial respects. A dog is verily no respecter of persons. He is also no respecter of neighbors' rights. He will pursue and, if possible, corporeally inconvenience a cat or chicken on the other side of the fence just as readily as on this side.

If there is a fresh garden-bed anywhere in the vicinity, he will be almost sure to bury his bones and other victims therein, to the great detriment of the various germinal bodies previously interred upon the spot. He is sometimes pettish where he does not fancy, thievish where he does, and indolent where he doesn't care. And yet, in spite of all these faults, the dog is one of the most lovable creatures under the sun. You must know him to appreciate him, and in order to know him you must own him.

You can't get much fun out of somebody else's dog. He won't give himself away to you worth a cent. But the beauty of it is, poverty is no barrier to the possession of a dog. In fact, the more extreme a man's poverty, the more dogs he can afford to keep. This seems to be the general rule. It is one of the compensations for being poor. A dog may cost six hundred dollars, and yet be no more of a dog than one you may have for the asking. A little curly-tailed tyke is just as good for companionable purposes as a high-bred setter or pug. No man need hang back on the score of expense.

Then let me advise every reader of PUCK who is in search of genuine, unadulterated, lasting fun to invest in a dog. It is an investment which will yield him one hundred and ten per cent annually, besides dividends on the profits and plenty of chances to speculate on margins. It will be a veritable illustrated every-day-in-the-week edition of PUCK on—legs.

PAUL PASTNOR.

THE London *Lancet* continues to discuss "high heels from a sanitary point of view." That is not exactly the way we have looked at high heels, and yet it is considerations of health that keep many people away from the rear end of a mule.—*Detroit Free Press*.

## PUCK'S PICTORIAL PERSONALS.



IMPOSSIBLE TO MEET YOU ON THE BRIDGE THIS EVE.  
Yours, "STUCK."

He is a dry-goods clerk and she is a high school girl with a knowledge of astronomy. They were walking, the other evening, and, growing soft and soulful, he remarked:

"Your eyes are just like stars."

"And they are fixed," she sweetly replied.

"Fixed!" he uttered, dubiously: "What do you mean by fixed?"

"I mean," she said, with a blush: "that they are fixed on that sign."

He looked up and saw: "Ice-Cream and Water-Ices." He had fifty-six cents, but what could he do?—*Washington Hatchet*.

"You want to watch out for alligators very carefully at first," was the advice given a Northern invalid on his arrival in Florida: "but after you have been here a few weeks it won't so much matter."

"Why not?" was the question: "Why should I be more cautious at one time than another?"

"Because," was the reply: "after you have been here a little while you will have grown too thin to be an object of interest to the alligators. They only want fresh arrivals."—*Philadelphia Call*.

### BEFORE AND AFTER.

#### I.

(He) "Sweet Florence!"

(She) "Dear Lawrence!

You're late!"

(He) "'Twas an age!"

(She) "That coat, love, is charming!"

(He) "That gown 's all the rage;

Here are candies—"

(She) ("Sweet thought!")

(He) "—And some kids, dear,

From Glover's—"

And that 's how they talked

When they were lovers.

#### II.

(He) "Ho! Florrie!"

(She) "Hem—Lorrie!

—Home soon?"

(He) "Yes, to-night."

(She) "That coat, sir, is horrid!"

(He) "That gown, ma'am, 's a fright!"

(She) "Here are bills

For those candies and gloves—"

(He) ("How I'm harried!")

And that 's how they talked

When they were married.

—*Eleanor C. Donnelly, in Progress*.

"I WISH very much you would settle this little bill," said a bill-collector, walking into the sanctum of an Austin journalist.

The editor glanced fearlessly at the document, and exclaimed:

"Little bill! Why, man alive, this bill is nearly twice as much as I agreed to pay for those trousers. You must come down fifty per cent, and then perhaps I'll pay it some time next spring."

"We can't do that. The Legislature is in session now, and we have a good deal of business with them. We calculate that only one man in two pays, so for that reason we have to make out the bills for twice the amount."

"Then regard me as one of the men who don't pay."

"In that case you will be placed in the same category with members of the Legislature."

The editor seemed absorbed in thought. Finally he heaved a great sigh, and murmuring: "I wouldn't do it, if it weren't for my family," he pulled out a large roll of bank-notes, and picking out a

five-dollar bill, handed it over to the enemy, and thus prevented a stigma being placed upon his reputation.—*Texas Siftings*.

PUCK'S ANNUAL.—The annual stag-party of reason and cataract of soul, issued by our esteemed contemporary PUCK, has proved, as usual, a pronounced success. The bountiful table (of contents) is garnished with cold cuts of every variety and piquancy of flavor by PUCK's most celebrated cutters. The literary menu is also pleasing in the extreme. It has robbed the present beastly British winter of much of its suicidal and bittah bewahwy—as our friend Fitznoodle would possibly remark—tendencies, and taken the sting from—aw—death. We know of two or three cases of incipient religious dementia in the City of Brooklyn which PUCK'S ANNUAL has cured, and we cordially recommend its use to pious households where the tendencies are toward chronic or virulent homicidal mania. As a chaser of dull care away it is a lovely and too beautiful success. With the present ANNUAL, a few back numbers, and PUCK ON SQUEALS, we believe it might be possible to pass a winter successfully even in Philadelphia. We have merely to add that that Michigan wood-merchant who left \$5,000 a head to "Mark Twain," "Eli Perkins," "Josh Billings" and old Mrs. Ward made a great mistake in not substituting for the three first-named the three graces who preside over the literary columns of the great American *Chari-vari*.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

—It would be folly to tamper with a tobacco whose peculiar flavor and inherent excellence are known among all nations. Blackwell & Co. recognize this in the manufacture of Blackwell's Durham Long Cut. To sustain the fame of the Durham Bull brand among pipe and cigarette smokers they must keep their tobacco pure—give it as nature gave it. Both policy and pride raise a perpetual guarantee of purity.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Mèrechal Niel Rose.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.  
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

AVOID disagreeable effects of the paper by smoking "Sweet Bouquet" Cigarettes. Only one thickness of paper is used.

It is unreasonable to expect a sufferer from Piles to be agreeable, so take our advice and buy Swayne's Ointment.

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An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamps, naming this paper, W. A. Noves, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Blair's Pills—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, \$1; Round, 50 Cents. At all Druggists.

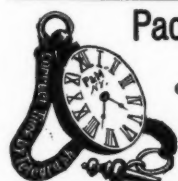
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two of the**

**GENUINE  
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F. B. BROWN'S  
GINGER**

**and half a pint of  
HOT (boiling) Wa-  
ter, sweetened to  
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FORT the wayfarer  
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TRY IT!**



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BRANCHES EVERYWHERE.

A COLORED man, with his right foot bound up with numerous rags and cloths, yesterday entered a grocery-store on Woodland Avenue and asked for a cash contribution of twenty-five cents toward the erection of a new colored people's church edifice.

"Where is it to be located?" inquired the grocer.

"Wall, that hasn't bin dun decided on yet."

"What is it to cost?"

"Hain't figgered on dat, sah."

"Who is the pastor?"

"Dun forgit, but I reckon we kin find one."

"Who is the head man in the enterprise?"

"De head man? Wall, Ise 'bout de head man, I reckon."

"I am not satisfied with your explanation," said the grocer: "How can I be certain that you won't appropriate the money to your own purposes?"

"Am dat what bodderys you?"

"I confess it is."

"Well, sah, we kin git ober dat purty easy. Instead of making a cash contribution, just weigh me out two pounds of crackers, wid instrukshuns to turn 'em ober to de Buildin' Committee. Ise Cheerman ob dat committee, if I ain't nobody else!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE Delmonicos were not the only high-priced caterers in the world by a long chalk. Jonathan Ramsdell, of Detroit, became hungry the other day, and bit off Andrew Koch's ear. Now, a man's ear is, no doubt, a very dainty dish, and is probably worth several dollars; but Mr. Koch was not satisfied with a reasonable price, and so he has sued Mr. Ramsdell for ten thousand dollars. That is a good deal of money to pay for one ear, and Mr. Ramsdell ought not to pay it unless Koch will serve up the other one on toast.—*Pek's Sun.*

SENATOR CONGER, of Michigan, is the sole successor of Hannibal Hamlin in his persistence in always wearing a swallow-tail coat in the Senate Chamber. A Senator must do something to make folks think he's a statesman.—*Boston Post.*

1840. FOR 1894.

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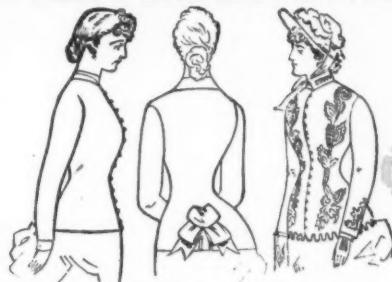
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"GIVE me a Bourbon epidermis, please," said a Boston man, entering a Philadelphia liquor saloon.

"A what?" asked the bar-man.

"A Bourbon epidermis, of course; can't you mix one?"

"I don't understand what thee means," said the Philadelphia dispenser of fiery liquids: "Is it a drink?"

"Of course it is."

"How is it made?"

"Bourbon, hot water, sugar and a piece of the cuticle of a lemon."

"Why, that's a whiskey-skin."

"Certainly, certainly; that's what I asked for." Then to himself the Bostonian added: "How ignorant these Philadelphia people are!"

—*Somerville Journal.*

He had a sign at the door reading: "Great reduction in prices to flood sufferers!"

An individual who seemed to have passed through several inundations halted, looked suspiciously at a pair of trousers, and asked:

"How much for these?"

"Dat bair vhas four dollars."

"How much off to a flood sufferer?"

"Vhas you in der freshet?"

"I kalkilate I was! Half my farm is still under water."

"Oh, I see. Dot vhas exactly handy for you. I make no reduction on clothing; but I take off ten per cent on some second-hand rubber boots for you to wade around your farm in!"

—*Wall Street News.*

ONLY nine great American circuses will peddle the lemonade and peanut through the country the coming season; but nine circuses are just as good as fifty, and can make as much trouble for the small boy.—*Hartford Post.*

"Pocket billiard-tables!" exclaimed Mrs. Yeast, reading from the newspaper: "What won't the human mind invent next? Just think of a billiard-table to be folded up and put in your pocket!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

STREET boys are having great fun now whipping their tops. Sometimes they hit the tops, at other times they hit the passer-by. They always hit something.—*Philadelphia Call.*

The efficacious stimulants to excite the appetite are **Angostura Bitters**, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article.



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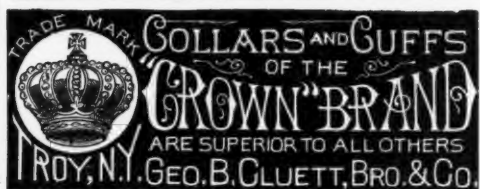
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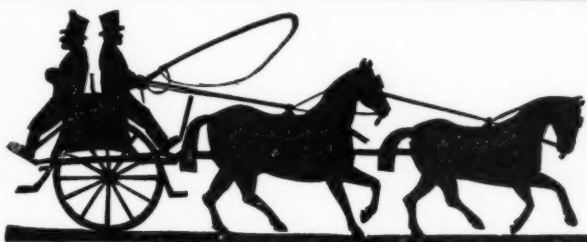
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"Who cut down this cherry-tree?" demanded Washington père.

"Father, I can not tell a lie; I did it with my little hatchet," replied Washington fils.

"Well, don't cut down any more," said the old man: "First thing you know we'll have a big flood. This wanton destruction of forests must be stopped."—*Philadelphia Call.*

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Bertha: "The idea of telling Mrs. Brown that you were only twenty-three!"

"But didn't I do right, dear?" replied Edith: "You know mamma has always taught us not to exaggerate. It is better to under rather than overstate, you know."—*Boston Transcript.*

It is hard to realize, during the present cold spell, that in less than two weeks the small boy, on the day he is too sick to go to school, will be boasting to his companions after school-hours, as he lets them feel the dampness of his hair, that he was "the first to go in swimmin'" this year.—*Norristown Herald.*

It is said that Salvini has abandoned his attempt to master the English language. That seems strange; he appeared to have the language pretty thoroughly broken when he was here.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

FLORIDA glories in its population doubling up since 1880. There is a chance for some one to tack the watermelon joke to this.—*Lowell Citizen.*

DE MAISTRE said: "To know how to wait is the great secret of success." It is, if you want to get a chop at an average swell restaurant.—*Boston Post.*

Men of all ages, who suffer from Low Spirits, Nervous Debility and premature Decay, may have life, health and vigor renewed by the use of the Marston Bolus treatment WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICATION. Consultation free. Send for descriptive treatise. MARSTON REMEDY CO., 46 W. 14th Street, New York.

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Excite the appetite, moderately increase the temperature of the body and force of the circulation, and give tone and strength to the system. They are the best for Cocktails.

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STOMACH BITTERS,  
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